

character of a young lawyer on a vacation," advised the sleuth. "Get in with the Clares. They won't for a moment suspect a chipper, honest-faced young fellow like you. There's a girl in the family; you ought to take with the girl."

"The poor fellow's sister? I don't like it!" observed Willis.

"There's the element of right and justice as well, I may remind you," observed the detective tersely. "Come, don't be squeamish. The successful lawyer is half a detective, any how, and the experience will put a new edge to your wits."

"All right. I'll try it to please the firm," somewhat reluctantly consented Willis, "although I don't think I have the detective instinct in any sense of the word. Bet I'll bungle!"

And now a week had gone by at Durham and Willis had smashed his picture. All he said about himself he believed. He had acted an unmanly part. He had been welcomed with open arms by the good people of Durham, who saw in his face only truth and honor. He had met Rachel Clare. He was invited to the house, and now he recognized an unmistakable fact—he was in love with her.

Twice during his espionage on the Clare family he had made a discovery. Once the mother, another time Rachel herself, had left the house by a rear exit, bearing a parcel. In each instance the bearer took a route through the woods and was gone about four hours. To visit the son and brother in hiding?—doubtless.

Willis wavered between love and duty. He was minded to return at once to the city and throw up his commission. He fairly despised himself. Then he realized that such a procedure would hurt him with the firm. Again, it was hard to leave without at least once more seeing the girl he had learned to love. He retired that night, to toss restlessly the long hours through. He was pale and distraught the next morning as he left the hotel, and irresistibly his

steps led him into the direction of the Clare home.

It was too early in the day to think of presenting himself as a caller, but he could not tear himself away from the vicinity. He strolled to the outskirts of the wood, he penetrated the timber, losing himself in thought. His wanderings were vain to dissipate the tugging wretchedness at his heart. Resting at length in the shadow of a great oak tree, he was aroused from reverie by the sound of voices. He scanned the vicinity to make an unexpected discovery. Near to an old hut, which he had not noticed before, well sequestered in a leafy grove, was a young man, pale, thin and invalid-looking. He was supported by a girlish companion.

She was Rachel Clare, and, noting the resemblance, Willis at once knew that this must be the fugitive brother. Rachel was supporting him as he paced to and fro. Finally they disappeared into the hut.

Willis arose to his feet with firmly set lips. He had made up his mind. The sight of that anxious, innocent face and of the wan, stricken face of her brother had appealed to all that was noble and manly in his nature. He sat down again, to act promptly upon the impulse that seized him. He removed the hateful badge of authority, the star. He took out the warrant and tore it in two. Then he indited a brief, but telling note, to Miss Clare.

In it he bitterly accused himself of unworthiness. He made no pretense of concealing his love. But he deprecated the underhanded part he had taken. He could never hope to approach her again, but he could benefit her brother thus far—to take warning that the law was on his track and that he had still time to flee.

He made up a package of the star, the warrant and the note. He turned to retrace his way to the village. His plan was to leave all at the home of Rachel and straightaway leave for